

My husband and I visited Mother in the hospital after her first heart attack at

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age 54. She whipped off her oxygen mask and began joking and laughing.

Gaiety

in grim times was her trademark.

August 25, 1930 Buenos Aires - I'm feeling fine after the operation and can do anything but play tennis as that is too strenuous.

Dec. 31, 1931, Tokyo - Oh yes, I got a Christmas telegram from the doctor who operated on me for appendicitis in B.A.

Her Religion

Mother was raised a Roman Catholic.

June 13, 1929, Buenos Aires - Dearest Mother: P.S. Anne and I went to confession and communion last Saturday so you don't need to worry about that.

July 6, 1929, Buenos Aires - I am living with an Argentine family now and they are just as nice to me as they can be. They were so pleased to know that I was a Catholic and the lady put a picture of the Sacred Heart over the bed.

September 5, 1929, Buenos Aires - Mother says she has been praying to St. Anthony for someone to send her money for coal and that it is \$16.75 a ton so Kathie, I can't be hardhearted enough to refuse her anything like coal when she isn't working hardly any, so the fifteenth of this month I will send you \$10 for the radio and \$17 for the coal.

Mother decided in her late twenties that Catholicism was "an iron hand in a velvet glove" and turned away. After she died there hung from the dining-room wall a recent purchase of a large painting from Mexico. It was a huge yellow butterfly. It made me think that as a result of Mother's youthful Christian understanding that she believed in the Resurrection as can be symbolized by the butterfly's rebirth. Today when I see a butterfly flitting about, I think of her and sometimes I whisper, "Hi, Mother."

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